exotic
www.xmag.com
Uncovering the Northwest since 1993...
EXOTIC'S GENERATION NEXT STARTS HERE!
MAYA FROM CASA DIABLO
CONFESSIONS OF A TOPLESS HOUSE CLEANER
Cleaning Up Can Get So Dirty!
EXOTIC DANCER ORIGINS
Top 10 Historical Peelers
SAY MY NAME BITCH!
Investigating Stripper Pseudonyms
FEATURING ALL NEW MONTHLIES! EXOTIC xXxPOSURES AND AT THE MOVIES WITH RAE LYNN

Erotic City

by Spooky X

"Nothing but the naked truth"

September 2008

Once again, this is the end of Erotic City as you know it. For the past two years, I have somehow managed to put this column together for you, all the way from Seattle, Washington. A rather difficult task when you consider half of the content in this column consists of current events in a state I see about once a year. True, I have served my time in the trenches of Portland in the past, so I was able to maintain a small degree of what exactly is going on where. But I can't help feeling like a strange and informative voyeur every time I write this damn thing. I left Portland close to four years ago in search of something different and found it when we started *Underground Magazine* in Seattle. This September, we made the difficult decision to call it a night in Seattle and release our final issue. So as the dust settles, we faced a new decision: where do we go now? Though I am sure a number of you would rather I seek the philosophy of "you can't go home again" I have chosen to opt with "everything old is new again." By some time in October, Spooky X will return (with the wife and kid even) to the City of Roses whether you like it or not. You'll be seeing some changes in the oncoming months in *Exotic* but more on that next time. For now, we're going to turn the tables on our "advice column" portion of Erotic City. The past several months have offered helpful survival skills to strip club patrons but this time we're going to offer some advice to the gorgeous ladies of the brass pole. A little expose I'm gonna call:

One of the Top 50 Stripper names belongs to this crusty former sex goddess

SAY MY NAME BITCH!

A <www.amazon.com> spin-off site recently posted the top 50 names associated with strippers. While this topic has been covered over the years here in our pages, it could quite possibly be the sign of an impending apocalypse—Amazon has chosen to cover similar editorial topics as *Exotic*. Be that as it may, I found their list to be pretty accurate as far as popularity and common usage goes. They are listed in order of popularity, first to last. I have side-noted each name with how many dancers I have known personally with the given stage name here in Portland and beyond.

Candy (2), Bambi (1), Crystal (5—though I never really understood the anomaly of exposing a drug addiction by use of your pseudonym), Tiffany (5), Brandy (4), Destiny (2), Ginger (3), Lola (1), Angel (4), Star (1), Amber (0—actually, but I know several strippers named Amber in real life), Bubbles (1), Jenna (0—unless you count cracked out former porn goddesses), Bunny (0—thank god! I would probably have to slap her if I did), Jessica (6), Chastity (3), Cherry (2), Misty (3), Cinnamon (2), Diamond (2), Mercedes (1), Sugar (2), Daisy (1), Rose (2), Trixie (1), Sparkle (0), Asia (2), Britney (4), Princess (3), Jewel (2), Peaches (3—always hated this one), Samantha (1), Alexis (2), Sierra (3), Flower (0), Lolita (1), Jade (4—all of them of Asian persuasion actually), Lacy (4), Tawny (0), Lulu (0), Lexus (3—with an optional 3 Xs, but we really don't need to get into spelling now do we? That's another whole article in itself), Mindy (2), Starlight (0), Vanessa (3), Summer (2), Gypsy (2), Skye (2), Jasmine (5), Paris (3) and Blaze (2). Honorable mentions go out to Raven (2—one of them male), Roxy (3), Porsche (2), Kalie (2), Brooke (3), and Honey (3—all of them were over-weight if my memory serves me correctly).

So if your dancer name was listed above, congratulations! You have chosen your namesake amongst the top 50. But if it wasn't, fear not, that just make you unique (strangely enough, I've known of two dancers named Unique). Being an exotic dancer is one of the few professions that allow you to completely re-invent yourself , coming complete with a superhero alias attached. So choose wisely ladies, the name you select sets the tone for how you are perceived.

Further analysis of the top 50 show that most stripper names fit into categories. Let's take a look at some of them shall we? I will list each category, then how many of the top 50 fell into this category and then list some possible names in the same category that aren't quite as popular.

Spices and Confections. This category racked up 5 in the top 50 with Candy, Sugar, Honey, Cinnamon and Ginger. Naming yourself after something sticky and sweet can translate naughtiness as well as innocence. Other spices not on the sweeter side such as Parsley, Oregano and Dill aren't really such a good idea, though Rosemary might get you by.

The Ethereal and Elemental. Star, Diamond, Sparkle, Bubbles, Angel, Jewel, Jade, Starlight and Skye all landed points in this selection. Others such as Sunny, Ruby, Heaven, Pearl, Sapphire and Venus have all shown up on our radar in the past. So, why not try something a little different like Purgatory or Amethyst? But please—stay away from Uranus and Cubic Zirconia.

...continued on page 30

EROTIC CITY
(continued from page 22)

Automobiles. Porsche, Lexus, Mercedes all are driven in the top 50. Other memorable names that come to mind are Harley, Audi, Ferrari and Jaguar. Autos you should probably consider lemons when selecting the names Hummer, Edsel, Oldsmobile and Pinto.

Days, Months and Seasons. Surprisingly, Summer was the only one to score top honors in this category, while I think I've known just as many Springs, a few Winters and an Autumn or two, but no Falls. Days of the week I've come across in the past are Tuesday, Wednesday and Sunday leaving you four others that never quite make the mark. As for the months, April is probably the choice for dancers.

Cities, States and Countries. Two entries put this one on the map with Asia and Paris.

Other notable locales such as London, Alabama, New York, Georgia, Montana, Vegas, Dakota, Jersey, Brazil and Germany have all been visited as stripper namesakes. Places not to travel to would be Bangkok, Utah, Iraq and Bakerfield.

Drugs and Alcohol. Crystal and Brandy are the only two that made the top 50. But lord have I heard my share of controlled substances over the years with Maryjane probably being the most commonly used. In the past, I've seen a few dancers toss in some Viagra, Allegra, a little Morphine and yes, even a Heroin. Here's a tip, detox would be better than trying out Crack, Roofie or Methadone. On the alcohol side of this category, Hennessy, Bacardi, Champagne, Kahlua, Midori and Tanqueray all rank as intoxicating favorites. You should probably avoid beers such as Black Butte (trust me on that one), Pabst and Rolling Rock. A boozy name I haven't heard used yet is Stolichnaya (or Stoli for short). Sure, it is my drink of choice, but you know damn well a hot little Russian number named Stoli could rock your world.

Adult film star Nikki Benz will be appearing at Stars Salem on Thursday Sept. 18th

Fruits and Flowers. Six dancer names in the top 50 made this the most commonly used category with Cherry, Daisy, Flower, Rose, Peaches, Jasmine. Other obvious contributions include Lily, Orchid, Dahlia, Iris, Ivy and Strawberry. Fruits and flowers that failed to meet the mark were Snap Dragon, Watermelon, Artichoke and Goldenrod.

Cute Animals. My absolutely least favorite category scored two entries, Bunny and Bambi in the top 50, one of them even ranked number 2. Seriously though ladies, these names are probably the most stereotypical and brain-dead selections on the list. Do yourself a favor and stay away from any names you would share with a cartoon character or a pet poodle. Its names like these that give dancers a bad name, literally!

FEATURED EVENTS

Wednesday, September 3rd – Cheetahs (Salem) – Amateur Night with a $100 prize and a chance to win tuition assistance... **Pussycats Cabaret and Lingerie Modeling (Springfield)** – Grand Opening of an all new 18-and-over gentlemen's club at 8 p.m. (see ad for details)

Thursday, September 18th – The Dolphin I – Back by Popular demand, its Stripper Boxing! Show starts at 8 p.m.

Saturday, September 13th – Cheetahs (Salem) – Oil Wrestling... **DV8** – Join Team Boobe Doobees for a "Duck Fart Debriefing Party" where you can get the entire dish on the Portland Race for the Cure and sign-up to be a Boobe Doobe for the race... **Safari Showclub** – School Girl Party... **Stars Salem** – Naughty School Girls of Stars featuring a free cover with school girl costume and the chance to win free private dances

Sunday, September 14th – Safari Showclub – Suspension Sundays with Modified Militia

Wednesday, September 17th – Velour Lingerie Modeling – Open invitation to come celebrate Ivy Lee's birthday party sponsored by **Heaven's Closet** and hosted by **The New Copper Penny**. Ladies have a chance to win cash, prizes, the title of September 2008 Sexiest Lady and to be featured in the "Portland's Finest" calendar with a chance to be on TV. For contest sign-up or details call Ivy Lee at (503) 960-1394... **Cheetahs (Salem)** – Amateur night with a $100 prize and a chance to win tuition assistance

Thursday, September 18th – Stars Salem – adult film star Nikki Benz

Friday, September 19th – Doc's Club 82 – Mad Max Party

Saturday, September 20th – Jody's Bar and Grill – Celebrate Jody's feature girl Kara's birthday from 6 p.m. 'til Midnight

Sunday, September 21st – DV8 – Race for the Cure Portland After-Walk Breakfast and Bloody Marys. Wear your walk or runner's T-shirt in and receive V.I.P. treatment

Thursday, September 25th – Cheetahs (Salem) – Men of Paradise at 9 p.m. $10 cover, $5 w/ student I.D.

Saturday, September 27th – Stars Salem – Come see the latest custom chopper creations from BMC and check out the Stars Girls' Chaps Contest... **DV8** – Hot-For-The-Teacher Panty Raid Saturday, September 27th where they will be collecting new school supplies and donations for local schools and kids... Panty Auction starts at 10 p.m... **Safari Showclub** – Pajama Party where you get to put their naughty entertainers to bed... **Pallas** – "Rub a Dub Dub, Girl 'N' a Tub" party with unique sponge bath features, giveaways, gas cards, coolers and more at 9 p.m.

WEEKLY EVENTS

Mondays – Cabaret II – NFL Football games on three big screens... **Pallas** – Monday Night Football with all-you-can-eat spaghetti marinara with meatballs during the game

Thursdays – Jody's Bar and Grill – All-you-can-eat tacos for $2 with crazy specials all day long

Sundays – Cabaret II – NFL Football games on three big screens

OTHER NEWS

Congratulations to Miss Cabaret Oregon 2008 Alize of **Cabaret II**. **Casa Diablo** now features $1 Tall Boy PBR Pounders and $2 Bottled Coronas all day, every day! **Hotties** is now open Sun. to Thurs. 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. and Fri. to Sat. 7 p.m. to 4 a.m. Stop by to check out the new Tequila Bar at **Jody's Bar and Grill** on Thurs. through Sat. from 7 p.m. 'til close.

Taboo Video's specials for September include a free DVD with any purchase of $40 or more and three $9.95 DVDs for $20.

That's all for this month. See you, (in the flesh) next month.

INEVITABILITY

The knowledge that no matter what you do with the rest of your life, you'll never be as cool as a bull-riding monkey

TRUE LOVE

Sometimes you know it the instant you see it across the bar.

YOU WIN THIS TIME PENIS

One of these days I'm going to find you, and when I do...

A WIFE

Because beer is heavy.

MASTURBATION

Because, as usual, your little penis just doesn't cut it.

A GREAT BUTT

God's way of apologizing for a lack of a rack.

SEXISM

Only ugly bitches complain about it.

ENVY

It wears a coat and hangs out in hallways.

SOMETIMES

You just want to break the law.

MYSPACE

Next time you try to look hot, try flushing the toilet first.

SWEDISH GIRLS

Making British girls look even uglier since 1428.

MOTIVATIONAL MAYHEM

Like there was really any hope for any of you anyway.

Aural Stimulation

by statutory ray

People have been tossing around the phrase "punk is dead" for years. Well, before anyone currently under the age of 30 was exposed to the genre, punk rock had already been declared a passing fad. However, record stores and radio stations have continued to feature "punk" sections on their shelves and, even as the unfortunate effects of time wore on the genre, the quality and popularity of punk rock were the only seemingly affected elements.

Until recently.

Browsing through a record store that I have been patronizing for years, I recently noticed the same unfortunate change that I have already seen at college radio stations and on music web sites. The phrase "punk rock" has now been replaced with "punk/emo/hardcore" in terms of genre classification. At first glance it seems natural. As with "hip-hop/rap/urban" (I love how "urban" is a nice way of saying "Black," that's next month's article) or "country/western" genre classifications tend to be based on aesthetic qualities. If it has a beat and a flow it's hip-hop/rap/urban." If it involves a hatred of all things hip-hop/rap/urban it is country/western. And so forth. But punk/emo/hardcore doesn't sit right. Everything from Skid Row to Slayer can be considered "hardcore" if it has enough distortion and blood-dripping typeset on the album art, so I will ignore the obvious genre cluster there. But I take serious issue with the word "emo" being placed next to the word "punk." Analogous to the classification "vegan/poultry" or "feminist studies/pornographic magazines," "punk/emo" groups, together, two subcategories that have historically shared nothing in common.

Until recently.

What follows is not a discussion to the effect of "Rancid sucks, Op Ivy is better, GG Allin is god, spare a dollar for Pabst, oi oi." I do not intend to add to the endless list of cocky music columnists insisting on what is and is not "real" punk rock. Fuck, I'm barely 28 years old and I can still remember my first GWAR show. Rather, I am calling out an APB on the missing genre that once was. Where the fuck has punk rock gone?

An important note must be made here. Regardless of whether or not someone *likes* old school punk rock over the new school garbage and for purposes of discussion, I will consider even the most superficially rebellious bands (Blink 182, Good Charlotte) as "punk," if for anything than to illustrate a point. Three chords plus anti-establishment lyrics to the power of cheap beer divided by clean clothes equals punk.

Now, returning to the most unlikely couple since Julia Roberts and Lyle Lovett, let's contrast punk and emo. Emo, short for "emotional rock," is a genre that celebrates apathy, superficiality, love letters and a general sheep-like existence where one's only redeeming qualities are the amount of MySpace friends and rare (unplayable) records possessed. Punk rock is a genre that is *supposed* to celebrate integrity, active systems of belief (moral and political), hate mail and individualism. Whereas, punk rock is utilitarian in fashion (safety pins, patches and one-swoop-with-the-razor hairstyles), emo is post-modern and useless for practical purposes (non-prescription glasses, second-hand shirts that sell for fifty bucks and cheap plastic belts that don't hold up pants). Oil and water if you ask me.

Although it may seem obvious to most, a serious lack of in-studio and touring punk bands with members under the age of retirement is the most rational choice of blame for the genre's disappearance. However, the Ray-dar detects that the subculture has been infiltrated and destroyed from inside. For instance, <www.PunkRock.org>, which receives the most relevance for the Google search "punk rock" and advertises itself as "the home of punk rock" recently featured recording artists The Guts, a band that, according to a write-up on The Wire:

> *...(gets) a bit gush(y), hovering around the bitter theme of love's maddening trials (in) numerous tracks, including "Cigarettes and Valentines," "Heartbreaker," "She's Gone," "Always and Forever," "Down the Drain," but the execution of these lovesick lyrics comes at a racing pace that never really slows.*

The Portsmouth punk scene, famous for bringing us the Queers, is now churning out love ballads. What helps these spineless bleeding-heart pussies onto <www.PunkRock.org> and not <www.RateMyEmoHair.com>? According to Wire, it's their "execution." If it's fast-paced and high-pitched, it must be punk.

If not on the shelves or the dials, where has punk gone? If the yin of fast-paced distortion guitar has lost the yang of self-empowering, anti-establishment themes, where *has* the yang gone? Surprisingly, some of the most mellow and blatantly non-analog music has grasped the socially-critical and angst-ridden feel that once drew crusties to Pine Street. Signed to Epitaph (R.I.P., lol), Tom Waits informs a new generation:

> *The poor, the lame, the blind*
> *Who are the ones that we kept in charge?*
> *Killers, thieves, and lawyers*
> *God's away on business.*

Electro-chick-rockers Ladytron "Destroy Everything":

> *Anything that may delay you*
> *Might just save you*
> *You only have to look behind you*
> *At who's underlined you*
> *Destroy everything you touch*

And the following lyrics come from Sage Francis, a *rap* musician:

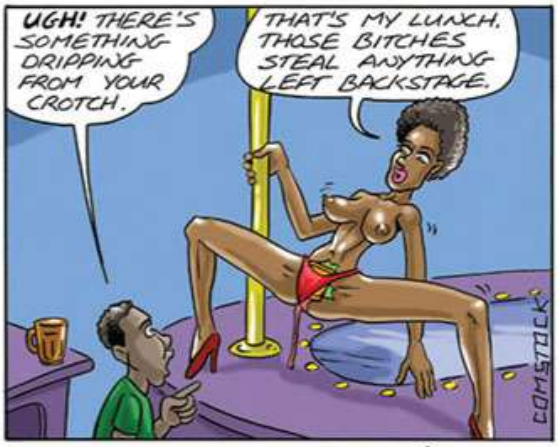
> *Makeshift patriot*
> *The flag shop is out of stock*
> *I hang myself...via live telecast*

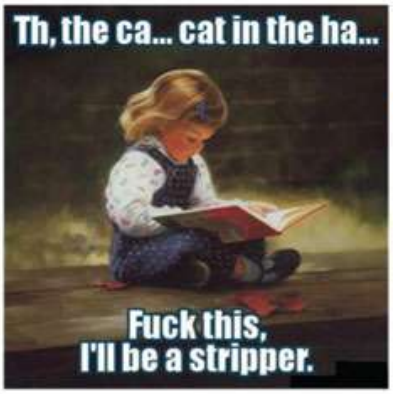
Folk singers, electro-clashers and backpack rappers are stepping up to address the very issues that punk rock has historically sworn to address. Meanwhile, Tim Armstrong is busy writing love songs with his wife. Ian McKay is getting drunk and *Target DVD Presents: Dead Kennedys Live* is selling like hotcakes. What does remain of decent punk rock (Defiance, the "new" Poison Idea, and Suburban Anthem all deserve a NW-area shout out) is not in enough supply to compensate the demand for spineless, heartbroken whine-alongs about not getting an e-mail back from some broad. Although a genuine thread of anti-establishment centered self-empowerment runs through the airwaves, *it* is surrounded by drum machines and acoustic guitars. In short, one must construct a DJ mashup using emo riffs over techno-bop lyrics in order to hear "punk" music.

Sweet lovely death.
Waiting. Breath.

Anyone?

Punk *is* dead.





eXotic XXXPOSURE
BROUGHT TO YOU BY
HOTDOLL
THE ALL NEW SEX TOY
FOR MAN'S BEST FREIND!

The Bottom Line with Pantera & Wildflower

Dear Bottom Line,

Last week my boyfriend decided to surprise me on our anniversary by telling me he was bringing home something special for me. He showed up a couple hours later then planned, to proudly stroll into the room, drop his pants and reveal that he had mutilated his penis. I just stared at it silently as he informed me it was called a Prince Albert and that it would, unfortunately, take some time to heal so we, unfortunately, wouldn't be seeing any bumping or grinding for a while. I told him to take himself and Prince Albert ("Frankencock" or whatever the hell he wanted to call it) and get the fuck out. Why exactly would someone think this is an acceptable anniversary gift? I mean, he ruined his cock as far as I'm concerned. Not to mention, he ruined our night together on our anniversary by doing this without even asking me. That fucking thing would chip my perfect teeth! I'm dumping his ass.

Dear Reluctant Princess,

One question for you sweetheart: did you commit to and love him for his body AND soul or just his sweet sausage and the bump-n-grind? I don't know much about Prince Als but maybe you can reverse the procedure? Yes, he should have told you but maybe he, like most men, ASSumes that what gets him hot is also what gets you hot. Sounds like his intention was to please you, even though he wasn't thinking with the right head. Also sounds like you overreacted and need to stop acting like the guys that only value you for your tits and ass.

- Wildflower Power to Ya and the Prince!

Dear Mind Made Up,

To save the world from hearing anymore about this "done and over with" story, Bottom Line is a question and answer column. Take your queen bitch attitude and go write a blog on MySpace.

Pardon me, there was a question buried in all that? A Prince Albert piercing is not the most acceptable anniversary gift. Due to the necessity of having sex on one's anniversary, only a real testicle would do this to his SO. However, his penis is not ruined. Piercings are removable. If you don't like how it feels, take it out. Have you ever had a penis with a piercing inside you? Well I haven't, but I'm sure it's different and, for fuck sake, there is nothing wrong with having a little variety in life. Call up your man. It's probably ready for action by now.

- Pantera

Dear Bottom Babe,

Are there any hints or suggestions you could give me to help convince my girlfriend to swallow?

Dear Stick it in Your Own Mouth,

Here is a list:

- Stop drinking so much coffee, smoking cigarettes and eating meat. All these have been known to make your cum taste bitter which triggers the gag reflex.
- Eat ridiculous amounts of strawberries and pineapple while downing water all the time—carry a water bottle—these things have been known to make your cum sweeter which makes a lady more likely to want to drink up.

(There is no scientific evidence about all this but plenty of testimonials. I tried this with a partner once and it did make a difference! Yummy!)

- Ask her why she doesn't like to swallow. Maybe she had a traumatic experience in the past or its part of her religion not to or maybe she is a real ditz and thinks she can get pregnant!
- Ask her what might inspire her to swallow.
- Keep your downtown clean and smelling fresh (USE SOAP!). Scent is a major factor to trigger an appetite, or lack of.

Tell us if anything changes!

- Wildflower to Ya!

Dear Get a Gal That Swallows to Start With,

I just recently got a puppy and the first thing that popped into my head was to tell you to get a bunch of treats then reward her when she shows even the slightest curiosity in your cum. Sorry.

In my experience, girls are pretty experimental, more so than guys. If a girl is unwilling to do something, chances are she probably won't change her mind. The problem with cum is that it's gooey and girls are trained from a very young age not to like gooey or slimy. So my suggestion would be to expose her to cum slowly and positively, while raising her comfort level. Eat it yourself. Lick it off of her then kiss her. When you cum on her, put your bodies together to spread it all over. Be mindful of your diet as well. If your cum tastes salty or bitter, you wouldn't eat it, so she definitely won't. Another option is to "trade a kinky." There's always something our SO likes that we don't care for. So offer a trade of experimentation. One more thing, if you are queasy about any of my suggestions, then you are just a sack of nuts because we all know that CUM IS COOL—if it's warm.

- Pantera

Need a Bottom Line? Send questions to: exoticunderground2004@yahoo.com

"We are in no way, shape or form people that you should actually listen to. This is by no means a certified medical advice column. We're simply two gals living in the land of confusion with everybody else, sharing our pearls of wisdom as we see fit.

SELF-DEFENSE

BY MATA LEAO COMBAT SPORTS AND THIRD EYE JIU-JITSU

What's up, grapplers, pugilists and really hot chicks?! We are back! This month we have UFC fighter and "The Ultimate Fighter 3" veteran, Ed "Short Fuse" Herman with world famous Pro bodybuilding and fitness trainer, Noel "The Natural" Fuller. This month's technique is the **Arm-Drag** to **Mata Leão** (popularly known as the **Rear Naked Choke**).

Frame 1

Unaware of Ed's formidable fighting skills, Noel attacks Ed by grabbing his arms. Noel might choose to shove Ed to the ground by charging forward or try to crush Ed's nose with a head-butt.

Frame 2

Ed tucks his head to block Noel's possible head-butt. If Noel attempts the head-butt, he will smash his own face on Ed's pointy, Irish skull. Then, Ed initiates an **Arm-Drag** by sweeping his left arm up and into Noel's right forearm. Ed "waxes off" Noel's arm by making a tight, chopping circle outward from his own body. This tight, circular motion toward the outside of his own body allows Ed to remove Noel's grip control, even if he is powerfully attached.

Frame 3

As Ed wipes Noel's right arm away from his body, his left hand rolls over Noel's right wrist and, catching the wrist, slings it across his body. As Noel's arm is whipped across, Ed shoots his right hand between Noel's rib cage and right arm, trapping the back of Noel's triceps. Using this arm control, Ed drags Noel's body forward as he steps forward.

Frame 4

Like a leopard, Ed slides by on his way to securing Noel's back.

Frame 5

As Ed takes Noel's back, he breaks Noel's posture and sets up the **Mata Leão** submission by performing three actions simultaneously:

1. Ed snakes his right forearm across Noel's neck.
2. Ed presses his left hand against the small of Noel's back near the hip.
3. Ed stomps on the back of Noel's left knee.

These three actions destroy Noel's ability to remain standing and Ed can now drag him to the ground by stepping back and pulling Noel downward at a 45 degree angle.

Frame 6

As Ed drags Noel's beastly body to the mat, he drops down to his right knee while planting his left foot on the mat. This body positioning creates an excellent base to hold Noel in position. Ed immediately begins to setup the **Mata Leão** by flattening his hands and laying the right palm over top of the left palm, covering the left thumb with the right-hand fingers. This forms a Gable or Olympic grip. (For a recap of this particular grip, see our first article in the May issue of *Exotic Magazine*.)

Frame 7

Note how Ed has his hands clasped (Gable grip), how his left elbow is in the center of Noel's back and how his head and neck are pressed snugly against the back of Noel's head. This forms a traditional Judo or Jiu-Jitsu choke. If Ed chooses, he can finish Noel with this functional choke. However, Ed chose to transition to the tighter and more efficient **Mata Leão**.

Frame 8

Ed slides his right hand to his left bicep, gripping it palm down. He then drives his left hand, again palm down, behind Noel's head. These actions create a solid and difficult to escape **Rear Naked Choke**. Notice how Noel's face turns purple while Ed comforts him by laughing in his ear.

Inset A

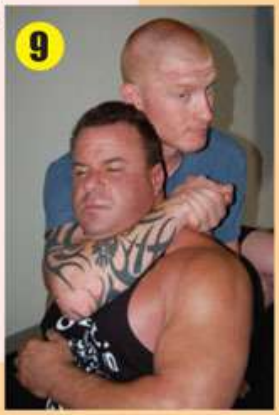
To finish the **Rear Naked Choke**, Ed inhales deeply to fill his lungs with air, scissors his elbows together, tucks his head to the back of Noel's head and makes a mean fighter face. This sequence tightens the choke, as Noel fights ineffectually to maintain consciousness.

Frame 10

As Noel succumbs to the **Mata Leão**, Ed releases the choke but does not relinquish the control position. The idea is to temporarily incapacitate, not snuff out, your assailant. Nighty-night sleeping beauty.

For a more detailed study of these techniques or for a kick ass time, contact Third Eye Jiu-Jitsu at 503.839.5010 or check out our website at <www.myspace.com/thirdeyejiujitsu>. To contact Ed Herman visit his awesome website at <www.edherman.tv>. For world class personal training and/or contest preparation, you can reach Noel Fuller at jnglegym3@aol.com.

These techniques should be performed only under the supervision of a qualified instructor and any other use is at the individuals own risk. Neither Third Eye Jiu-Jitsu nor Ed Herman and Noel Fuller accept any responsibility for the use or misuse or any beating you may deliver or receive in application of these moves. Please also check your Federal, State and local laws for the legality of any of the techniques demonstrated. Always avoid any confrontation whenever possible and use these techniques as a last result.



Mythbusters: Strippers

Taking an unnecessary smoke break during a weekend shift, I had the misfortune of eavesdropping on a couple of douche bags in Heineken T-shirts and backwards baseball caps.

"Man, all strippers are the same," Todd informed Joey with confidence. "Insane, stupid whores." Joey started and finished his pint of Budweiser in a single chugging motion, belching his response to Todd, "strippers are fucking stupid man."

After finishing their discussion, Todd and Joey left the smoking balcony and returned to the rack. Here, they spent roughly $400, apparently on some "lucky bachelor" who chose to spend his final evening of single life making fun of the only hot piece of naked ass he will ever see again. As the group pulled out of the parking lot shortly after 2:30 a.m., headlights off and tires squealing, I made small talk with one of the dancers.

"Hey, tell the boss that I don't need a walk out. I have to get up early tomorrow to teach class." Without her skimpy top, g-string and half-empty Jack and Coke, Fawn looked like any other grade school teacher. The only accessory that made her look especially attractive was her pair of prescription, horn-rimmed glasses resting quietly in front of the two dark circles, indicating Fawns' exhaustion. As Fawn buckled her seat belt and turned her steering wheel towards home, I smiled a bittersweet grin knowing a portion of every tax dollar from Joey and Chad's paycheck goes toward employing an "insane, stupid whore" to teach their children.

Strippers are performers; naked, flaky, and occasionally alcoholic performers but performers nonetheless. Strippers work exclusively for gratuity in an environment where their boss is often more of a threat than the most despised of customers. Performing acrobatic feats for compensation roughly equal to the price of a Crunchwrap Supreme. Further, compensation for the work performed by strippers is rarely proportional to the effort they put into their job. A dancer that times her movements to fit the songs playing during her set while performing acts of contortionism will make less money than the lazy girl who follows her, if said lazy girl has a better set of fake tits. At the end of the shift, a stripper walks away with a wage respective of her ability to maneuver properly through a maze of psychological and physiological hell. Insane? Try mentally drained. The last time I spent eight hours dancing naked and talking strangers out of money, Burning Man was still cool. I challenge anyone to take the "stripper challenge" and work a single shift at any club. E-mail me (raymcmillin@hotmail.com) with your success story. Otherwise, the "insane" rumor shall be officially put to rest.

Moving on to the "stupid" comment, let's use a hypothetical scenario. You walk into a strip club. An attractive woman approaches you in blinking heels wearing a sarcastic smile and a half-shirt that barely covers her tits. "Hey there douche bag, I'm about to convince your loser ass that you have a nun's chance in hell of getting me in the sack. But not before you overdraft your girlfriend's Visa card to buy me water shots and stare at what my doctor sees for free from three feet away while a large Samoan man named Cell Block looks over your shoulder." Not exactly an easy sell, now is it? The bottom line is simple: stupid is what stupid tips. Hennessy only acts like an idiot because that's what you, the customer, want from her. If you and your "brahs" are spending a rent's worth of income in a strip club, chances are you have neither the game nor the guts to play the field at a hook-up bar and dancers acting like idiots are simply stooping to your level.

A fool and his money are soon parted. That money is taken from the fool, not thrown at the fool while Justin Timberlake swoons the speakers. In other words, the woman filling up her gas tank with your broken dreams is hardly "stupid."

Okay, so now that the "insane" and "stupid" charges have been thrown out of stripper-customer court, let's move on to the final argument: A "whore" is someone who fucks for money. A stripper is someone who has successfully used the whore formula to make money without fucking. A whore, if given money, will put out. A stripper, if given money, will ask for more. I have been on several dates with strippers in which I have spent hundreds of dollars only to be dropped off with nothing more than a pair of Smurf nuts, yet somehow I can get a Portland State business studies major in the sack for the price of a single tall white mocha with extra whip. By mere estimation, it would seem that precious little Jessica on the volleyball team is more of a whore than the stripper who sits behind her in class. Take a look through the ads in this magazine. If you find "Our Girls Have Sex for Money!" printed anywhere, fucking e-mail me and I'll pay for the first round. In all reality, you're more likely to find a hooker by MySpace stalking the OSU women's sports teams.

Sorry Ladies, Ray is Taken

I have proposed to several women in my lifetime, primarily for shock value or as a result of boredom. This time, however, I think I might actually be serious.

Between knife-wielding, showtune-phobes, midnight train tickets, Costco-sized boxes of Plan B and a seemingly endless array of strippers, stalkers, fans and freaks, it's safe to say that we're fucking stuck with each other regardless of what gets tossed in the mix. I don't have any money that you can rob me of should this not work out and I'm pretty sure that I probably might not have any STDs. You don't smell like fish and whiskey like the other women I've slept with and you even paid cover at my last concert. Damn.

Linda, will you marry me?

TALES FROM THE D.J. BOOTH

BY STATUTORY RAY

Jenna
from Casa Diablo
September
2008
S M T W TH F S
1 2 3 4 5 6
7 8 9 10 11 12 13
14 15 16 17 18 19 20
21 22 23 24 25 26 27
28 29 30

The Bi Girl's Dilemma: Oh, and Bi the Way...

BY OPHELIA DERRIERE

Damn, this was just starting to get good. I received the news today that Underground Magazine is to be no more. Finito. Kaput. That's all folks. Aside from my personal feelings of admiration toward John, the writers of the Underground, and the much needed public service this magazine offers the Seattle community, I have to profess a selfish disappointment that "Bi-Girl's Dilemma" is shutting down just as things were starting to get interesting (pub note: while we appreciate the dramatic fatalistic inspiration behind Ms. Derriere's words, "Big Girl's Dilemma" will continue in Exotic magazine, which will be shipped to various special locations in Seattle each month.)

In the first publication of "Bi-Girl's Dilemma," I asked that you half-dykes out there speak up, make it known when you're interested in a woman and shy away from being timid. Ladies, I have to tell you, you came through. Not only have I been approached numerous times by brazen beauties, saying the article touched them (deeply, I hope) but I've even heard of bi-girl brunches where this column was passed around! I'm thrilled to have done something that resonated with any of you, and damn it, I'm proud of the results.

This is not just me tooting my own horn. The point is, there is a whole community of women who felt this column was important enough to talk about, which means there isn't nearly enough Bi-Fem representation in Northwest magazines or in the general community. I'm sad to see it go, along with the rest of the magazine and I hope we can keep the spirit alive. I suggest orgies, *(pub. note: Once again, Seattle will still be able to see "Bi Girls Dillema", if not in print, then online at www.xmag.com. But all orgies are highly encouraged and appreciated.)*

Needless to say, this will be the last one, *(pub. note : **NOT!**)*. Since there are still so many dilemmas and so little time, I'm going to use up every last word available. Just cue the music when my time is up.

Bi-Girl's Dilemma: Narcissism or self-loathing?

There is a phenomenon among bi-girls that I can't help but notice. We all seem to have a problem with narcissism. How else do you explain the unrelenting tendency to be attracted to women that look just like you? It reminds me of that creepy scene in Silence of the Lambs, "Would you fuck me? I'd fuck me." I don't know if it's ingrained in us to be attracted to people that make us feel comfortable or if we feel more confident when we're dealing with someone we can relate to. It's a little disturbing ladies. Before you think I'm casting the first stone, take a look at all my ex's.

The irony behind this oddity is that many of us can't see in ourselves what we see in others. A good friend of mine is constantly complaining that she's fat (she's not—she's a sexy, curvy size 10) but the women she hits on the most are *just like her.* How is it that we can look at ourselves in the mirror and think "fat" but see the same body type on someone else and think "perfect?" It's a conundrum.

Bi-Girl's Dilemma: Is it that much different than "boyfriend?"

Whenever I refer to an ex-girlfriend in conversation to a person I'm talking too who doesn't know me very well, they always do this thing. They raise their eyebrows slightly and they close their mouth. I think it's their subconscious way of shutting up before they decide if it's un-PC to say anything about it. Usually one of two things happens next. They either call me on it right away, "Do you mean like, girlfriend girlfriend?" Or they wait an appropriate amount of time and actually come back to the comment. "So, earlier you said girlfriend. Did you mean like, girlfriend girlfriend?" It still amazes me that people are surprised to meet girls who date girls.

Bi-Girl's Dilemma: Used, at last

Sometimes I feel like a man. No, I don't mean I'm going to grow out my armpit hair and change my name to Aaron. I think the attitude I take towards sex and relationships is tinged with a bit of testosterone. I should also point out that it's really a social misconception that women are emotionally attached to sex while men are callous "notch collectors." Regardless, I am usually the one suggesting "no string attached" and offering bus fare in the morning.

Recently, I met my match in this field. A feisty bi-girl took me home from a bar (yes, the same night) and told me all about how her boyfriend was totally OK with it. I was impressed with her honesty, both to me and to the boyfriend. After a wild, porn-worthy night, we made plans to get together later in the week. I never heard from her again. At first, I was a little insulted and, quite frankly, a little hurt. She used me! It only took me about a day and a half to realize how hot it was. She was so intent on fucking a girl that night, she was willing to lie to me (and her boyfriend) just to get some girl on girl action. I will never complain about being used again.

Bi-Girl's Dilemma: Lesbian hatred

This is a touchy subject, I know. Let me just clear the air by saying, I know tons of lesbians that are fully supportive of us bi-girls and celebrate ALL forms of sexual orientation and expression! Ok, now that that's out of the way.

Some lesbians can be real bitches. Many of them carry a deep mistrust of bisexual women and are sometimes very vocal about it. "Let us know when you're done experimenting." This may be, in part, due to society's disapproval of lesbians. Bi-girls are allowed to live their cookie-cutter lives with men, escaping society's harsh glare, yet can indulge in female relations to their heart's content. It may also be because there are only so many women to go around—if bi-girls would just stick to men—anyway, you see where I'm going with this. The irony of this gang war is that the more bi-girls there are, the more options become available to lesbians as well.

I could keep going as I'm sure you all suspected, but it appears my time has run out. As a farewell, I'd like to quote a brilliant motherfucker (yes, it's a pun) the eloquent Sigmund Freud:

"I do not in the least underestimate bisexuality. . . I expect it to provide all further enlightenment."

VINTAGE PELLERS

Almost a century ago, in a world that had no Internet, in a country where people still used the phrase "stag film" as a predecessor to pornography, a group of beautiful and ambitious women pioneered the art of striptease on stages in clubs and theaters across the world. The art of exotic dance and burlesque would not exist were it not for these 10 brazen and bold bombshells who took the first groundbreaking, bare-assed steps towards creating an art form that would change the world.

Gypsy Rose Lee
37-23-36
Possibly the most famous stripper of all time, Gypsy got her start at Minsky's Burlesque in New York where she became the talk of the town. Progressing to the Ziegfeld Follies and later be a movie and TV star as well as a detective novel author, Gypsy only stripped until the age of 23, retiring to concentrate on more mainstream entertainment. Much admired by men around the world, she died of lung cancer in 1970. At that time, according to Wikipedia, the walls of her LA home were covered with art and gifts from artists such as Picasso, Chagall and Ernst.

Dixie Evans
40-26-34
Dixie was billed as "The Marilyn Monroe of Burlesque." Starting in the El Ray Theater in Oakland, CA in 1952, she worked what was known as the Kane Circuit, covering Cleveland, Chicago and Boston, showing on stage what Marilyn would have looked like *if* she had stripped. Even Marilyn's death didn't put a crimp in Dixie's act—she just renamed it a "tribute act"—but the decline of burlesque came and she retired in 1967. Today, she runs Exotic World: The Strippers Hall of Fame & Museum, which she took over from friend and fellow stripper Jennie Lee.

Tempest Storm
44DD-25-35
One of the real legends of the golden age of striptease, Tempest got her start as a chorus girl but soon made her debut at the El Ray as a stripper. She would go on to achieve fame as a pinup girl and appear in front of the legendary lens of Russ Meyer and in some of the earlier strip-tease movies, most notably *Teasarama*, in which she starred with Bettie Page. Romantically linked with JFK, Sammy Davis Jr. and Elvis, she was once asked if she was ever embarrassed by her ample breasts. She replied, "They don't make 'em too big for this business." Tempest continued to strip until the age of 65, when she retired. She currently lives in Las Vegas.

Lili St Cyr
34-24-34
Lili first performed at the Gayety Theater in Montreal in 1944 and developed an act that was to become famous for her taking a bubble bath on the stage and for "The Flying G", where her G-String was attached to a fishing rod and flew off into the balcony at the end of her act. Romantically linked with Orson Welles, Victor Mature and even Marilyn Monroe, Lili's wild life included six marriages, very public brawls and suicide attempts. Lili is credited by many for elevating bump-n-grind into an art form and she became the striptease queen of Las Vegas. In her later years, she ran a lingerie business before she died in 1999, at age 81.

Blaze Starr
38D-28-37
Blaze rose to fame at the Two O' Clock club in Baltimore, and achieved national notoriety when featured in *Esquire* in 1954. Her act included a panther that she trained to undress her and a prop couch that was rigged to smolder and burst into flames when she sat on it and undressed. Blaze is perhaps best known for her long affair with Earl Long, the Governor of Louisiana, which was dramatized in the 1989 movie, *Blaze*, starring Paul Newman. Blaze retired and ended up buying the Two O' Clock club, which she still owns and manages today.

Candy Barr
38-22-36
Candy Barr's career actually started with an unsavory incident where she was forced (at gunpoint) to appear in one of the 50s most famous stag films, *Smart Alec*. She would go on to become one of the country's top strippers, earning over $100,000 a year (close to $1m today, allowing for inflation). In a notorious (for the time) case, she was to serve three years in prison for marijuana possession. Yet perhaps the most bizarre piece of trivia about Candy is that she was required to make a statement to the FBI about her relationship to Jack Ruby prior to the JFK assassination. She was also to have a brief affair with Hugh Hefner. Candy retired to Texas, where she lived until her recent death at age 70.

Rita Grable
Known as The Girl in Black Stockings, Rita was originally a legitimate dancer, having trained in ballet and tap before hard times pushed her into burlesque. She continued to try and make a splash in mainstream theater and once appeared in the Jayne Mansfield role in the touring version of *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* However, her sole screen appearance is in *Buxom Beautease* (1956).

Lilly Christine
37-22-35
Lilly's nickname was "The Cat Girl" and she first appeared on the stages of New Orleans before making the jump to Broadway. She always insisted she was a dancer and not a stripper, even though during her act all of her clothes came off. Here's a report from one reviewer: "Performing her classic original routines like the 'cat dance,' 'voodoo dance,' and 'harem heat,' Lilly appeared on stage in a jewel encrusted bikini bra and panties and black net stockings, hurling her long blonde hair back and forth while sensuously weaving across the floor and shredding most of her attire to the hypnotic beat of jungle drums." Lilly died in Florida in 1965 of peritonitis.

Evelyn West
39-26-36
Evelyn was known as "The Girl with the $50,000 Treasure Chest" after famously insuring her breasts for that amount with Lloyds of London. Oh, to be an Insurance assessor. This was only the first of a long string of gimmicks and stunts that she was to use over the years to keep her in the headlines—appearing at nudist weddings, suing other strippers, throwing tomatoes at Anita Ekberg, in fact she seemed to take aim at anyone who competed in the "Battle of the Bosom."

Jennie Lee
42-28-40
Jennie Lee, *The Bazoom Girl*, stripped the world over, becoming a favorite with the GIs during WWII. Her amazing muscle control allowed her to whirl her tassels together, in alternate directions and individually. What a talent. Jennie even had her own fan club where 25 cents got you a handwritten letter. She was the founder of the Exotic Dancer's League of North America and also the Exotic World Hall of Fame, before her death, in a cruel twist of irony, of breast cancer.

A NIGHT AT THE MOVIES

with rae lynn

Batman: The Dark Knight

Okay, so like I've been hearing all about this movie from guys at my rack but I don't know what the big fucking deal is. When I went to see it there was like a KISS concert or something that just got out because everyone in line was painted up. Luckily I had forgotten to wash off my eyeliner the night before, so I blended in. When I went to buy my ticket, the guy at the window kept saying something about me being a sellout. Then some other guy just ended up giving me his ticket so I avoided beating a teenager's ass and went inside.

I can't sit through a two-hour movie without popcorn and a Coke, so I made my way to the snack stand only to be talked down to by some slimy bitch who was trying to tell me that it costs *fifteen bucks* for popcorn and a drink and some Muddy Bears and a side of nacho cheese and extra butter. Then she got even more pissed when I gave her perfectly good wadded-up dollar bills to pay for it. I was all like "look, bitch, this is money, and money is money" but then some guy in a suit tried to shut me up. Normally it would have been cool but this bitch thought she was all better than me so I clawed her in the face until she started crying and knocking over empty cups. People in line started saying things and it became kind of a big deal, so I just took my shit and hurried into the theater.

When I walked in, the movie had already started. The joker was in a room full of mobsters and then some guy tried to fuck him up but the Joker was all like "Bam! Pencil in the face!" and slammed the dude's head against the desk into the pencil. It was awesome! Then the old man that talks to Batman from the police station totally faked getting assassinated but Batman and his friend Harvey figured stuff out and made things better. Then, the Joker tries to kill Batman's friend Harvey while he's in the hospital but Harvey's face is all scary and the joker decides to just blow up the hospital instead because Harvey's face is too gross looking. Then Batman catches the Joker but doesn't kill him. I won't ruin the movie for you but I will say this: Batman might just be around for another sequel! Oh, but Donnie Darko's sister won't be there. She dies too.

X-Files: I Want to Believe

It's really awesome doing movie reviews and stuff because I get all of these cool advance screening passes to see movies before they come out in theatres. My boss gave me some passes to the new X-Files movie and, since X-Files is my absolute faaavorite, I totally had to go and cop some dope beforehand. I mean, really. Fucking X-Files. I think that's a good enough excuse to fall off the wagon!

The movie started at like, six o'clock or some bullshit, so I got up early. When I got to the theater it was only 5:45, so I called Latrell to make sure he would be on time. He said he was still at K-Dub's apartment but that he was on his way and that it was worth the wait because the dope was really, really good and not like that shit I picked up from the bouncer at the Horny Dragon that one time. So I waited like thirty fucking minutes in front of the theatre and he still didn't show. Finally, I got pissed and called him back just as he was pulling in the parking lot.

After scoring the shit, I wanted to make sure it was good, so I paid for my ticket and was all like "fuck the popcorn, I'm gonna get lit up!" I tried to rail the shit up right on the bathroom counter, I mean, the movie had already started and there shouldn't have been anyone taking a piss, or whatever, but these two little kids kept fucking running in and out of the bathroom so I had to move to a stall. The most grossest thing in the world has got to be the back of a toilet but there was no fucking way I was gonna sit through X-Files sober so I just railed the whole half-gram right there using one of those super-thick drink straws that I found on the floor. Latrell gives me a discount because his brother owns the club I work at so it would have been a waste of money not to do it.

I tried sitting down and catching up with the movie but my fucking cell went off and I had to answer it because it was my scheduler and I totally need all the shifts I can get right now. Even though I was talking pretty quiet, this old bitch next to me was like "wahhhh, keep your phone off, wahhhh, this is a press screening" so I had to finish the call quick and told Rick that I'd just take whatever he had. I can't remember what shifts he told me I work but it doesn't matter because I can pretty much just come in whenever I want and schedules are bullshit anyways.

By the time I figured out how to turn my phone off, the movie was already ending. There was some crap about how Moulder and Scully totally had been hooked up the whole time and that they had to part ways but instead they end up in a boat together looking all happy and shit. I asked the guy next to me what the movie was about but he was all sarcastic and giving me all these lines about the government killing people for their body parts to make a Frankenstein or something. What a dick.

ADVENTURES IN Topless Housecleaning

BY DIRTY GIRL

When I decided to start a topless housecleaning business I had no idea what to expect. I did some research and found that the market was wide open, with very few topless housecleaning services anywhere on the West Coast. Having nothing to go off of, I placed an ad on Craigslist and decided to make it up as I went along. That was six months ago, since then I have encountered some very unusual situations. Through trial and error, I have definitely learned some lessons.

One thing I have learned is how to pick out the creeps and, let me tell you, Craigslist is chock-full of creeps. I'm not talking about pervs—hell, pervs are what make my business successful. I'm talking about the people who refuse to read your ad, who push to see if you'll offer "perks" or who are downright stalktastic in their pursuits. I've had men ask me if they can apply "nipple cream" (whatever the hell that is), if they can wear my stockings and heels while I clean and I've even had a guy insist I meet his mom before I cleaned his house. I've also had countless people stand me up, several people push me to provide "favors" and more people than I can count wanting topless pictures sent to "see what they were paying for." Nice try.

These are all people with whom I had the foresight NOT to deal with in person. It's a good thing, the people who do get through my strict filter are weird enough already. Over time, I've learned to expect absolutely anything and below are just some highlights of this fascinating world.

THE NICE GUY

Let's face it, a lot of men don't have the looks or the charm to convince a pretty girl to even talk to them much less take off their clothes. A lot of these guys happen to be technologically inclined (see: computer geeks), so they've done pretty well for themselves financially. These are the type of guys that show me what a truly compassionate job topless housecleaning can be. It's like the guy who hires a hooker just to "hold him." A lot of these men are just looking for some female companionship. They are always respectful and pretty much stay within a 50 feet radius out of sheer terror.

THE ASSHOLE

If you have a lot of the Nice Guys for clients, the Assholes can really catch you off guard. This is a very dangerous business, going to a stranger's home, taking off your clothes and creating an erotically charged environment. I haven't had to pull my mace out on anyone yet but I have had to run for the door a couple of times. The Assholes are basically men who press me for favors, try to get grabby or argue with me about rates once I'm already there. One guy let me drive about 30 miles to tell me he only had half the money. Oh, and no, I don't take checks! These people are the reason my ad is now so detailed it's bordering on anal-retentive.

THE PERV

As I mentioned, perverts make my world go around. Otherwise everyone would be too shy or feel too dirty to ever hire a topless house cleaner. The question most people ask about this business is "do guys masturbate?" The answer is generally no. As a formality, I bring it up depending on my comfort level with someone and usually clients just get really embarrassed. There is the occasional man who wants to take care of business and this has never been uncomfortable. It actually leads to less work for me, as they usually want me to stay in one room. I've actually dusted one bookshelf for the entire hour I was at the client's house.

THE WOMEN

Ninety percent of my clients are men. The few women who have hired me only prove my theory that women are way kinkier than they'll ever let on. I've had women hire me for their husbands (one got so turned on she was only in the room for about 10 minutes before she went off loudly to show her appreciation), women who are bi-curious and think it's a good way to test their theory and even a woman who wanted to try her hand at domination (she made me ask her "Mistress, may I dust this?" with every object in the house). The women who contact me are few and far between. Those that do always exceed my expectations.

THE FRIENDS

My favorite clients are my friends or people I've met through networking. I clean for several friends of mine and the funniest part is how awkward it makes them. They usually start off by insisting that I don't have to do it topless, until I pretend to be offended. "What? You don't want to see my tits?" Then if I do go topless, some of them are so uncomfortable or afraid of offending me, they actually leave the house. Let me set the record straight: It is NOT weird (for me), I am an ATTENTION WHORE and I LIKE to be watched. Got it?

As you can see, there are definite ups and downs to topless housecleaning but, in the end, it's worth it. Every experience is different and while some people turn out to be real assholes, it's made up for by the lasting friendships and naughty memories that are developed along the way.

IF YOUR ADULT CLUB, STORE OR LINGERIE SHOP DOESN'T HAVE A WEBSITE,

YOU'RE MISSING OUT ON BUSINESS!

MAYBE YOU WANT A WEBSITE BUT DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START?
MAYBE YOU HAVE A WEBSITE BUT AREN'T HAPPY WITH IT?

THE NORTHWEST'S PREMIER ADULT NIGHTLIFE & ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

NOW OFFERS CUSTOM WEBSITE SOLUTIONS FOR ADULT BUSINESSES.

NO ONE UNDERSTANDS THE ADULT INDUSTRY BETTER THAN US -- WE'VE BEEN AT IT FOR 14 YEARS!

WHY WOULD YOU WANT YOUR WEB SERVICES PROVIDED FROM A NON-INDUSTRY SOURCE?

exotic web solutions

* 24/7/365 phone support
* 99.9% uptime
* Top-of-the-line dual Intel Xeon servers
* 30 day money back guarantee
* No contracts
* Conveniently billed with your Exotic advertising bill (for current advertisers)
* Complete web design services available from preliminary concept to finished product
* Adult content friendly (If it's legal, we don't care...)
* Packages starting at $15 per month
* Not happy with your current host? We'll move your site to our servers for free!

Getting your business online couldn't be easier!

What are you waiting for?

Call 503.224.2169 or e-mail hosting@xmag.com to get started!

TECHNICAL STUFF:

ALL SITES WE HOST INCLUDE:
CGI, PHP 4 & 5 with Zend Optimizer, MySQL 4+, Perl, Ruby On Rails, Python, SSH, SSI, Cron, Curl, GD, Image Magick, Streaming Audio/Video, FrontPage Extensions, Free PHP/Perl Module Installation and more.

E-MAIL TOOLS:
Web Mail, E-mail Alias, Auto Responders, Mailing Lists, Catch Alls, Spam Assassin, Mail Forwards, IMAP Support, SMTP, POP3 and others.

E-COMMERCE FEATURES:
Shared SSL, Private SSL (fee), Agora Cart, osCommerce, ZenCart, Cube Cart and more.

AND EXTRAS:
Blogs, Calendars, Live Chat, Forums, Image Galleries, Mailing Lists, Polls & Surveys, Portals/CMS and others.